

# THE LIGUORIAN

*In the Service of*

## OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

May - - - - - 1929

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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## An Old Rosary

Just a poor little Rosary,  
Shabby, and old, and worn—  
With the figure torn from the Crucifix  
Hanging there all forlorn.

Worthless, indeed, to human eyes:  
Possessing naught for the vain.  
But oh! what a tale those beads might tell  
If a tongue were given each grain.

How many hearts have you comforted?  
I may not guess at your years.  
Someone has held you now long since dead,  
Kissed you, and blessed you with tears.

Poor little beads you are getting old,  
Someone has laid you by,  
But you are worth more than the earth's bright gold  
In our hands when we come to die.

—*Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.*

## Father Tim Casey IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. FRANCIS

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Father Casey and his companion, Lawrence Dwyer, were just leaving the Church of San Damiano when they heard the soft patter of sandals on the stone floor and, turning, encountered a brown-robed Franciscan. The monk greeted them with that exquisite grace, so natural to the Italian, and asked whether they would care to visit the cell of St. Clare.

"Most assuredly," Father Casey replied.

"What's this?" grumbled Dwyer, "shunting us onto a siding just when we were all set for full speed ahead. A little while ago you were so determined that nothing should interfere with our study of St. Francis."

He made his complaint in English so the Italian monk would not understand and was not a little taken aback when the Franciscan replied in the same language:

"But, my dear friend, St. Clare is not a side issue in the history of St. Francis; she is an essential part of it. His commission was to restore the Church of God, which was falling into ruin. A big job requiring the help of many willing hands—of women as well as men, of the married as well as the single. Hence the Franciscan army consists of three great divisions, the Franciscan Order for monks, the Poor Clares for nuns, and the Third Order for men and women living in the world."

"Tell him the history of St. Clare, Father —"

"Alfonso," he supplied. "They call me Padre Alfonso. And now," he said playfully, turning to Lawrence Dwyer, "handsome stranger from matter-of-fact America, listen to a story of high romance. Seven hundred years ago this old City of Assisi was a gay place indeed, with many a rich, luxurious home. One of these homes was the favorite meeting place of a group of charming girls. 'Twas the home of Favolino Scifi, Count of Sasso Rosso. The group of girls consisted of his three young daughters, Clare, Agnes, and Beatrice, their cousins Amata and Balbina, two intimate friends, Cristina and Benvenuta, who often came over from Perugia for long visits at the home of the Scifis, while

the Countess Ortolana herself and a girlhood chum, named Pacifica, joined in all their glad reunions with as much zest as if they were girls themselves. Clare was eighteen; the Count was planning to have her marry the most desirable young nobleman in all Umbria. But Clare heard St. Francis preach on the love of God, and she vowed that Our Lord was the only spouse that should ever share her heart. She knew her worldly-minded and ambitious father too well to risk asking his consent. In the darkness of night she slipped away from her mother and sisters and friends and took that long road you see winding down the mountain side to the little Church of the Porziuncola, where Francis and his few companions were reciting the midnight office. When the peasants burst into the chapel to say that Lady Clare was coming, the monks took up lighted candles and went down the road to meet her. Kneeling before the altar, she vowed to know no spouse but Jesus Crucified, no patrimony but the poverty of Him who had not where to lay His head. She threw aside her rich cloak and the pearls and diamonds that adorned her person. Francis cut off her hair, gave her a coarse, rough garment, like that worn by the poorest of the peasant women, and sent her to learn the principles of convent life in a cloister of Benedictine nuns.

"Next morning, her father tried to take her home, but he found the gentle child had the firmness of a heroine. He threatened and stormed; all to no avail. The news spread through the city. Giddy girls called to one another from balcony and loggia: "Did you hear about Clare Scifi?" At first they gasped. Then they laughed and made sport of it. In the end, many of them did some serious thinking and resolved, for the future, to conduct themselves more like Christian maidens. Clare's sister, Agnes, slipped away and joined her in the new life of prayer and poverty. Her mother's friend, Pacifica, was next. Even the two pleasure-mad cousins, Amata and Balbina, followed where Clare had led, and they displayed the same irresistible energy in loving God that they had formerly showed in serving the world. The two friends, Cristina and Benvenuta, came again from Perugia, but this time to spend the remainder of their lives in Assisi, as exemplary members of the Order of the Poor Clares. Clare had remained only a short time with the Benedictines. With her growing number of followers, she needed a convent of her own. These old stone buildings attached to this Church of San Damiano were turned over to her for that purpose.

Here, she, with the companions I have mentioned and many others from the first families of Umbria, lived a life, not only holy but heroic, as you will see for yourself in a few moments, when I show you the extreme poverty they suffered.

"But first," he continued, "I must tell you a touching fact. Clare's father died some years later, after which not only did the remaining sister, Beatrice, join her, but even the mother, Ortolana, became an humble religious under her own daughter. Three of that family, Clare, Agnes, and Artolana, are today honored as saints of God. So many miracles were wrought here within these blessed walls that the sick came from all sides seeking a cure. One day an afflicted little woman brought in her blind baby and begged Clare to heal it. Clare bent down and made the holy sign of the cross over the sightless eyes, then said: Now, take the child to my mother, and ask her to bless it. The woman obeyed, and the little one was cured. Thereupon followed a holy contention, Clare claiming her mother had performed the miracle, while Ortolana insisted that her daughter had done so."

Padre Alfonso then introduced his visitors within the enclosure, once a Convent of Poor Clares, now a Franciscan Monastery.

"Here," he said, "is where Clare and her companions chanted the divine office during the hours of the night." For seats, there were rough hardwood boards of every shape and thickness, fastened into the wall of stone and mortar.

"Here is where they took their scanty meals. It serves the same purpose for us today. We have left everything just as it was in her time. The place where she sat, here at the corner of this table, is always left vacant."

Dwyer shuddered as he looked about the low vaulted room with its uneven stone floor and narrow, worm-eaten tables on three sides, with a simple board between the tables and the wall to serve as a seat. He could not keep from crying out:

"Oh, what abject poverty!"

"Yes," Padre Alfonso assented, "but stupendous miracles of God's grace were wrought in this poor room, where these delicately-reared women practiced such heroic self-denial. To give but one example: there in the wall is the old cupboard where they put the bread daily given to them as alms. One day, after taking their places at table, they found there was only one tiny piece of bread for the whole community.

Clare blessed it and told them to divide it among them. They did so, and everybody had plenty."

He then led them out on a stone platform.

"Here is where Clare stood with the Blessed Sacrament in her hands when she saved the city from the Saracen invaders."

"How was that?" asked Dwyer.

"You have often seen that picture, Lawrence," interposed Father Casey; "St. Clare with monstrance in her hands."

"Yes," continued Padre Alfonso, "the Saracens were pouring up this hillside in vast numbers to attack the city. This convent, being outside the walls, was their first objective. They planned to sack it, outrage these holy women, and then watch for an opportunity to charge Assisi. In this desperate crisis, Clare cried to her Sacramental Spouse for assistance. Moved by divine inspiration, she took up the Blessed Sacrament and went forth, like another Judith, to meet the enemy. When the advancing Saracens saw her come out on this platform, a great fear came over them, a dazzling light blinded them, many fell back unconscious, and the rest broke into disordered flight. Thus both the convent and the city were saved."

Finally Padre Alfonso led them to a long, low room just beneath the roof.

"Here was their dormitory. On the spot marked by this marble slab was the straw sack on which St. Clare died. The night before her blessed death, Benvenuta, the girlhood friend, was keeping the death watch beside her. Suddenly Clare turned to her and said: 'Oh, Benvenuta, there is the King of Glory; do you see Him?' Our Lord gave Benvenuta the privilege of beholding what was taking place. She saw this poor attic filled with a multitude of holy virgins, clothed in garments of dazzling whiteness and crowns of gold upon their heads. One immeasurably surpassed the others in majesty, splendor, and magnificence, and from her crown issued such brilliance that the night was changed into day. She was the Mother of Jesus, the Queen of Virgins, and she had come to the bedside of the spouse of her Son. Stooping, she put her arms about Clare and tenderly embraced her. Then the other virgins unfolded a royal mantle and reverently covered the body of the saint. Next day she died. So great was the fame of her sanctity that the Pope himself came to preside at her funeral. As this unprotected convent outside the walls was considered unsafe for so great a

treasure, her body was soon afterwards taken up, brought into the city, and laid in the magnificent church built expressly to receive it."

"That church," said Father Casey, "is the next place we must visit."

They thanked the kindly monk and, with sentiments of genuine regret, bade farewell to this blessed spot where heaven had come so near to earth. A short drive brought them to the Church of St. Clare. The shocks and storms of seven centuries had weakened the walls of this imposing structure, and great buttresses had been thrown up to re-enforce them. Father Casey and his companion left the carozza under the arch of one of these buttresses and entered the church. The Poor Clares inhabit the adjoining convent, and two of the externs came to show the tomb of their sainted foundress.

A long flight of marble steps leads to the crypt beneath the high altar. There, enclosed in a glass casket, they saw the body of St. Clare, clothed in the poor habit of rough, coarse wool for which she had exchanged her rich mantle of silk and gold.

"The most eloquent orator," said Father Casey, "could preach for hours on the vanity of riches, the vanity of fine apparel, the vanity of elegant apartments, and yet leave his hearers as passionately attached to these things as before. But when the followers of Clare Scifi set up their poor home in the midst of a city, and when some of the richest and most popular young women of that city renounce everything to share their life of extreme poverty for the love of God, then we have a sermon that is irresistible."

Their silent contemplation was rudely broken by high voices from the other side of the tomb.

"Gruesome, positively gruesome," somebody was saying in English, "to keep dead people exposed in a glass case in that way. Why do they do it?" Now they recognized the voice; it was that of the elder Miss Hicks.

"The priests dress up the bones like that in order to have the people come down here and adore them. When Catholics are sick, instead of going to the doctor, they come down here and expect the bones of the saint to cure them."

"She was one of those wretched creatures that manage convents," said Mamma Hicks, "and you know, my dears, what goes on in convents."

"Yes, indeed," came the answer, in scandalized tones, from the two Misses Hicks.

Dwyer was furious. "Listen to those old hens," he whispered. "Pampered, over-fed, selfish, heartless; they have never performed an act of voluntary self-sacrifice for God or man in all their lives. Yet they stand there turning up their bigoted noses at Clare of Assisi, the heroine and the saint."

The priest replied quietly: "Clare had a mother's heart of pity for the unfortunate. Who is so unfortunate as those born and nurtured in ignorant hatred of the true faith and of all that profess it? Clare in heaven at this moment is pitying those unfortunate women and praying for them."

(To be Continued.)

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#### ANOTHER REASON

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Just recently the grand jury in Morris County, N. J., published its findings after an investigation of reports that school girls had been mistreated by men. The grand jury described the situation in the county as "unbelievably deplorable."

The report of the grand jury said further: "It has been shown to us that the religious training of most of the children was almost entirely ignored by their parents or guardians and, as a result, moral purity is a meaningless term to them. The indifference of parents to the morals of their children is matched only by the indifference of communities in permitting conditions to exist whereby a child is a willing victim to the ravages of degenerates."

Dr. J. A. Haas, president of Mecklenberg College, Allentown, Pa., declares that he has found that "the American Atheistic Society is spreading literature in our public schools."

All this is immensely deplorable. We are sorry that so many parents throughout the country have to send their children to such schools. But let us learn from it to gather with all the more love and loyalty around our Catholic Schools and make them ever more efficient and more Catholic.

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No calling in life but is honorable; no one is ridiculous who acts suitable to his calling and estate; no one, who has good sense and humility.

## Houses

### THE HOUSE OF DREAMS

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

They call them fancies and they call them castles in the air and and they call them dreams. They are pictures—living pictures of a world outside the world that exists; painted by the facile brush of the imagination; tinted in colors of rose and silver and gold by the eager hand of human desire and love and hope. For some men dreams come true—and in the reality they vanish and are gone. Others must live on dreams alone; dreams of realities that have faded and gone; dreams of the magic land of "might have been."

#### I.

The beautiful summer home of the Kents stood out in the midst of the nodding elms on Lake Berenice in the glow of soft and radiant light. A ball was in progress—the first of the season; fair forms passed before the windows; soft voices and laughter and light-hearted song crept out into the night and were carried down on the lilting breeze to the water's edge. Over it all was the rythm of compelling music—crowning the lights and the voices and the night itself with a magic charm.

Close to the shore of the lake two figures were walking slowly back and forth on the lawn between the trees. The girl, the moonlight showed, was young and slender and beautiful; the grace of childhood was in her walk and in her manner and above all, written plainly upon her features. That grace that marks one—or rather leaves one un-marked with the passing of the years; that speaks of a child-heart in all the simple lovely sense of the word, unspoiled and unchanged by time's relentless power. For all her twenty years, Peggy Farrell was still at heart a child.

The other figure was that of a man—getting on in years, perhaps forty or so—prosperous, handsome and marked in every feature by character and purpose. The serious look that was in his eyes, the culture that was suggested by the very sound of his voice, the breeding that his every action displayed, set him apart from many as a good man and a gentleman. Wealth was his, and friends and power, but Richard Howell had used none of them in such a way as to make him less worthy to face his fellow man in any walk of life.

Together these two were enjoying the sweet enchantment of their surroundings. They paused to marvel at the moonlight on the water, flowing out in slowly swelling ripples, like molten gold, towards the distant shore. They stopped to watch for a time the gay scene through the windows above them, while the music seemed to set their hearts in tune with the joy and happiness it all displayed. They drank in the perfume of the lilacs, that were blooming on the bushes that stood out like shadowy forms in the sequestered parts of the rolling lawn. And as they walked and talked in low tones together, someone within the house took up the words of the popular song the orchestra had swung into, and they crept with fascinating power down into their very hearts:

"Jeanine,  
I dream  
Of lilac time...."

"Isn't it beautiful!" Peggy almost whispered.

"Beautiful is the word!" breathed Howell, straining to catch all the words of the song. Then he added, after a pause: "Peggy, I too have had a dream."

He had not meant to say that. It was an opening. An opening into thoughts that had lain in his mind for months now—that Peggy did not and should suspect. He had argued it all out closely and well. That dream of his was idle and vain. The facts were too coldly, unsympathetically against him. His age—and Peggy's youth; his almost stern seriousness; her love of fun and sport and her childlike heart. A dream that could never be! . . . . But he had spoken of it now!

"You had a dream?" questioned Peggy, innocently. "You don't look like a dreamer, Richard," she added, smiling.

He laughed lightly. "Yes, I have had a dream. I think it was only a dream. Listen!"

The words of the song were coming down to them again.

"Just you and I—  
Our love-dream shall never die—  
Jeanine—I dream  
Of lilac time."

There was silence between them for a moment. Then Howell spoke again.

"That was my dream, Peggy. I had sworn never to speak of it myself. The song has spoken it for me." For a while he looked out

over the water; then suddenly he realized that his words must be somewhat enigmatic to the girl at his side. He hastened to explain.

"You see, Peggy," he said, "I have had everything in the world except one thing. I have dreamed of a home, with lilac bushes around and flowers and beautiful things—and especially, someone to care and be with me always. But try as I might, I could never picture a face in the house of my dreams until your face gradually began to grow into it. But I have thought it was all so hopeless I never dared to speak of it. Tell me now—tell me once and for all—is it hopeless—that dream of mine?"

What could she say? Her heart began to beat excitedly. This was a new experience for her—she had never suspected such a state of affairs nor expected such a declaration. But the spell of the night and the beauty of everything around them seemed to make it the most natural thing in the world.

She thought of all that Richard Howell had done for her and hers. How he had been a friend of her father. How when her father had died in the midst of his financial troubles—Richard Howell had helped her and her mother to straighten out what little was left and thus start them out in their work of providing for and bringing up her two younger brothers. How he took every opportunity to give her the good times she loved, as he had done tonight in bringing her to the Kents' first dance party of the season. How it had all been done, not in a paternal, patronizing way, but in the way of a friendship that was sincere and true.

She touched his arm and looked up into his eyes and smiled.

"I am sure," she said, "any girl would be supremely happy to make you happy, Richard."

Joy leaped into his eyes and tumbled out in his words. He took her hand and plunged into his plans and dreams that for a long time had shaped themselves so vividly but hopelessly before his mind. He who was so quiet and reserved spoke with all the enthusiasm of a boy.

She told him, of course, that his dream could not be realized for a year or two. She must continue to help her mother until the boys were old enough to do something for her. That meant nothing to Howell. He could wait—now that hope was his—hope and expectation after those years of idle dreaming. He fumbled for something in his pocket.

"See, Peggy," he said, "I have a picture of the home that will be

ours." He drew out a little photograph and showed it to her. A bungalow low with roses and lilacs and stretches of lawn around it. With pretty curtains and novel little gables and lots of windows. It was a dream home if ever there was one.

"This will be our pledge," he said, half seriously and half in fun, as he tore the picture down through the center. You keep one half and I'll keep the other. On the day we are married we shall piece them together again, and you will see that the home I shall have ready for you will be exactly like the one that is on the picture."

Almost reverently, he placed his half of the picture back in his pocket. . . . They turned and walked slowly towards the house.

## II.

The months slipped by swiftly. In the outward demeanor of Richard Howell no change was noticeable; he was the same efficient, detached, well-poised business man as always; and he alone was aware of the song in his heart and the sunshine that lingered around him on even the darkest day. His dream was going to be realized!

Nor, for a time, were there any marked changes in Peggy. They had decided to keep their engagement secret for a time, while Peggy worked on as a stenographer down in the shipping offices of the Acme Steel Works, of which Howell was one of the Directors and Managers. He had secured that position for her, but seldom saw her during the working hours. Still there were outings they had together, and shows and dances. Not often enough, of course, to make most people think of anything more than the friendship that had always existed between the two families. The only change that was really evident in Peggy was a slight trend toward seriousness, reflected in her, no doubt, from the habit and manner of her fiancè.

The sunshine was pouring in through the high wide windows one afternoon as Howell sat in his private office looking over his correspondence. He finished marking the letters to be answered and placed them on a neat pile at one side for his stenographer. Then he reached in his pocket and took out a piece of a photograph. His face did not reflect what emotions the picture brought to his heart; it was almost a rite with him—as serious as business. Or rather it was a tonic—a daily tonic by which he refreshed his dream and anticipated a future that was bright with hope and filled with nothing but joy. The buzzer

on his table interrupted his thoughts—and as he replaced the picture in his pocket he pressed the answering button.

A secretary stepped inside and announced a call. "Mr. James Connors wishes a word with you," he said.

"Show him in," answered Howell, as he placed an arm over the back of his chair and awaited the entrance of his visitor.

"Jimmy" Connors, as he was commonly called, came in and closed the door behind him. He was known to Howell, as he was one of the rising clerks down in the shipping department of the Acme Steel Works, and the latter motioned him, with a faint business smile on his lips, to a chair before his desk. Jimmy sat down, threw one leg over the other, and looked fearlessly at his superior. He had a way with him, and there were few who could help liking him for his gay manner and his open smile and clean-cut efficiency. He opened the conversation.

"I've come to ask a favor of you, Mr. Howell," he said. "I suppose I'm in line with thousands on that score, but I thought I'd take a try anyway. You see, I'd like to lose my job."

Howell's eyebrows went up a trifle. "I must say you are about the first of your kind with that request," he said, tapping the desk with a pencil. "May I presume to ask the reason?"

"Well, the reason is my own—that is, I don't feel exactly at liberty to announce it. I have to leave my job, and I was going to quit outright tonight, but I thought perhaps you could place me in one of the Company shops in another city. St. Louis, maybe, or New York, or anyplace—away from here."

"Have you considered that you are in line for about the fastest promotion of anyone in the mill—and that—"

Jimmy broke in on him impetuously. "Yes, sir, but even so, I can't help it, sir, I've got to go—it's a matter of life and death—or better still, of honor. Can you do anything for me—or is it to be an unconditional release?" He smiled as the baseball term came to his lips.

"Well," the older man said slowly, "they'll take you on any place I say. But I hate to let you go."

"Listen, Mr. Howell," Jimmy said, leaning forward confidentially, "you've been mighty good to me—and I'll tell you why I've got to go. Some months ago I met a girl—down in the shipping offices of the mill. Saw her there every day for a while—couldn't keep away from

her in fact, though she never gave me a word of encouragement. I met her accidentally a couple of times at a skating rink and took her home. I think we understood each other perfectly, though she was always strangely aloof, and would never sign up for a single date with me. I saw her two weeks ago and tried again to make a date. Then she told me. She is engaged to someone else."

He paused a moment, and then hurried on. "If I had known or suspected it—oh, darn it all, you know how I feel; I feel like a criminal. I haven't the slightest idea to whom she's engaged, but I wouldn't cut out another fellow to save my life."

"Didn't she tell you who it was?" asked Howell, and Jimmy never noticed that his face was white.

"No, she said it was a secret engagement—that it was someone to whom she owed a lot. She's a game kid—and as true as gold. She begged me to stay away from her—and I saw tears in her eyes when she said it. She didn't need to beg me, sir, once she told me that, but I can't help thinking, even if it sounds egotistic, that it was hard for her, that it was making her miserable. I haven't spoken to her since, but I'm miserable too, as long as I am anywhere near her—so you see I've got to go." He got up and walked over to the window and stood with his hands in his pockets looking out over the city.

Like a statue Howell sat for a full two minutes. Jimmy thought he was thinking over his request—but he was not; he was trying to get a hold of himself. There was not a trace of doubt in his mind that it was Peggy—his Peggy, of whom Connors had been speaking. He who had such control of himself, such poise, such quiet power—was gripping the arms of his chair in a grasp of steel. His house of dreams was tumbling down and a little piece of photograph began to burn near his heart. When Jimmy turned, however, his exterior was calm. He had to act.

"So you want to get away—away from the girl you love and who you think loves you." He smiled a rather mirthless smile. He hardly heard himself speaking. "How would Frisco do? I can arrange an opening for you in the Acme shop there—and you can report any time in the next two weeks." He jotted down a few notes on a pad with an uncertain hand.

"That will be great, Mr. Howell," the boy said enthusiastically. "The farther away the better. The girl doesn't know I'm going and

she will be glad I'm gone. Then maybe—" he smiled a little wistfully—"she'll just forget we ever met. That will leave things smooth for the other fellow."

"And how about yourself?"

"About me? Oh, I still have a dream—though it's a blasted one. I'll live on that till the worst is over. Thanks a lot, Mr. Howell. I've taken enough of your time. Good-bye. I'm off tonight."

He was gone. Silence fell heavily upon the office room—with its desks and its files and its polished chairs. Silence was there alone—and a man with a dream. An old man and a bent man—with his head in his hands and his face like stone—gazing at a torn photograph that lay on the desk before him.

### III.

Howell had a date with Peggy that night. She would never know—but it would be their farewell meeting. He had argued it all out. It must be so.

At first he had thought wildly of holding her as his own; for a time he had been able to see no other possibility—his dream must come true—and he would make her happy despite herself. But gradually the truth came home to him with bitter force. It was impossible. She would sacrifice herself to him—but she would never be happy. His dream had been so sweet that he had never till now seen the startling disparity between them.

Then he thought of leaving the problem to her. Of asking her outright if she loved him enough to marry him—of hinting at what he had learned by chance—and placing on her the burden of choosing. That too, he came to know, would be all wrong. She had given herself to him—he knew she was at heart too loyal and good—despite all her feelings might be torn—willingly to draw back and leave him alone. He knew she would never say the word that would part them. That duty was left for him alone.

He pictured her and young Jimmy Connors together. Why—they were made for each other. Two kids, he thought, both with hearts of gold and dispositions as bright as a noonday sun. He himself did not fit in the picture with either of them.

Then too—was he going to be put to shame by the courage of a boy? If Jimmy could make such a sacrifice as to give up everything he thought worth while because it was right to do so—what kind of a

weakling was he—the strong-willed Richard Howell—to shrink from a like sacrifice? Gradually he settled it all and determined on the course he would take.

He took Peggy to a show that night. It was the last thing he would have chosen—but he forced himself to do it. For the first time now he noticed her deference towards him. She was as simple and sweet as ever, but he was quick to note how she treated him with a half respect and a certain reserve that made real companionship impossible. But most of all he saw the little troubrous look in her eyes that told him of a sorrow she herself would never have admitted for the world.

He watched her enjoy the show with her almost childish glee. He himself hardly saw what was going on. He was steeling himself for a silent farewell. He was trying to get away for a time from the constantly recurring thought that after tonight he would not see her again.

They drove homeward almost in silence. When he was about to leave her at the door of her home, he faltered for a moment in his purpose and almost fled. Then he caught himself and reached for something in his pocket.

"Peggy," he said, "I have to leave town tomorrow—for at least two weeks. A business trip. So it will be a little longer 'good-bye' this time." The words almost stuck in his throat, but his voice sounded even and calm.

"Two weeks!" said Peggy, "you must have lots of foreign business to take care of. Do you know when you will return? I'll meet you at the station."

"I want you to meet me, Peg—for a special reason. My train will be the five P.M. two weeks from today. There is an important meeting due that evening. If I am not able to make it, I shall send someone to do the business. I want you to meet him—if I am not there—and hand him this letter of instructions and have him open it at once. He will know you and will come to you."

Peggy took the letter and looked at it doubtfully. She seemed not fully to understand.

"Good-bye, Peg."

"Good-bye, Richard," she answered, looking up at him with her usual smile.

He leaned over quickly—kissed her very lightly on the forehead—and was gone.

## IV.

The usual crowd was gathered in groups before the entrances and exits to and from the trains. Farewell scenes and happy greetings of reunion mingled tears with joyous laughter. Persons parting from home touched shoulders with those who were returning.

Peggy stood alone, with a letter in her hand, while the five o'clock train pulled in. She watched the crowd as it passed through the gate—waiting in some perplexity to greet either Richard or the man whom he had promised to send in his place. The man who would know her and would seek her out.

She caught her breath suddenly as she glimpsed someone she knew walking swiftly down the concrete runway. It was Jimmy Connors. He spied her immediately and came towards her as drawn by a magnet.

"You!" she exclaimed—surprised at the joy that his presence brought her. "O Jimmy—what are you doing here?"

"That's what I'm wondering myself," he said, "I'm supposed to meet someone I know here and get instructions for a meeting tonight. You're the only one around here I know, Peggy—and I can't tell you how glad I am to see you!"

"Oh, then you're the one I'm supposed to meet. Here are your instructions. I have been detailed to give them to you—and you are to read them at once."

"Righto!" he answered, "and I might as well add that I have been given instructions for you. Here they are . . . . What's all this about, anyway?" He tore his letter open hastily and began to read. This is what it said:

"Dear Jimmy: You did not know when you talked to me in my office that I was the man who was engaged to Peggy Farrell. You did not know it when I asked you to go back and attend an important meeting for me, which, of course, was only a fiction. You know it now.

"I am sending you back to Peggy, Jimmy. A higher position than you held is open to you in your old place. Peggy will never see me again, because you have opened my eyes. And though it shattered the fondest dream of an aging man with silver already in his hair, your unconscious frankness and your courage did what common sense should have done for me long ago. I was foolish to dream of it—and my

dream is over. I hope and pray that yours will come true—that you will win Peggy for your own.

"Devotedly yours,

RICHARD HOWELL."

Jimmy dropped the paper in astonishment as he finished reading. He was silent—dumbfounded—awed. He stooped down and picked it up—then looked at Peggy.

She had torn her envelope open and taken from it a little square piece of torn paper. A photograph, he saw—or rather, half a photograph; a picture of a bungalow with flowers and lawns and trees around—that had been torn down the center. He saw her turn it over, and with her he read the words, scrawled across the back:

"It was only a dream.—Richard."

\* \* \* \*

Dreams are golden while they last—and fragrant with joy as long as they are lit by a tiny ray of hope. But dreams are also memories after they are shattered and over. As such they can live on with an influence for good—inspiring no bitterness of feeling, no rankling regrets—no envious wrath—but only a sad sweet joy as of a song that is finished. One such dream does Richard Howell bear with him down the winding road of a lonely life.

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#### LEST WE FORGET

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It is the month of May! Bringing us spring beauties in all their splendor; fragrant blossoms and warm sunlight and gentle breezes; that all cry out to us with enchanting voices—winter is over and spring is here!

It is the month of spring—but it is more! It is the month of Mary! Devoted to her by a special dedication; set apart as her very own!

But would we need to be told to direct our thoughts to Mary now that the spring is here? The blossoming flowers speak to us of her—whose heart was beautiful as a rose and whose soul as whitely pure as the untainted lily! The sunlight speaks of her—whose mother-love warms our souls when they are chilled by sorrow and even when they have been blighted by sin. The re-awakening of life around us tells us of her whose power is boundless as the sea to gain graces for dead souls that will bring them back to life and joy again.

## Scholar and Saint

### PROFESSOR CONTARDO FERRINI

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

A striking trait in the character and career of this man, who is proposed for the honor of sainthood, is the part that recreation played in his life.

In the ordinary lives of saints very little is said of their recreation and amusement; so that we hardly associate it with sainthood. Their work and prayer somehow is crowned to the foreground so as to conceal it completely, giving their lives an air of severity.

Of course, we know that recreation of some sort must have played a part in their lives. Do they not tell a story of St. Charles Borromeo—a great Saint who lived in the serious days of the post-reformation times, through pestilence and reconstruction work—that illustrates the point? One day he was playing chess with some friends of his, when suddenly one of the men said:

"What would you do if you were told that within one hour you must die and meet your God?"

"I'd go to confession and prepare," answered one man.

"I'd go to church," said another.

"What would you do?" they asked the Cardinal Archbishop, St. Charles, who had been silent.

"I'd continue to play," said he. "Am I not doing God's will in seeking this needful recreation? And would I die better than when fulfilling God's holy will?"

The story is told of other saints, too. That makes very little difference. It only shows all the more clearly that all the ascetical writers consider the point in it correct and worthy of a saint.

And since recreation and amusement are in their right place and degree vital human needs, and since in our day they only too often become sources of moral danger and temptation, we are glad to see in the life of any Saint, what part recreation played in its and what effect it had on his character formation.

Now Contardo Ferrini, with all his tireless activity in his profession and science on the one hand, and with all his piety and seriousness on the other, nevertheless took his needful vacations and recreation.

But his recreation bore the stamp of real holiness in this that it was always well-balanced and always served to lead him nearer to God—not farther away from Him.

#### A SAINT PLAYS.

If I call Contardo Ferrini a Saint—it is not with any idea of anticipating the Church's judgment about him. It is simply for the same reason that his contemporaries—people who associated with him, his students, the poor whom he aided, the people who saw him at church and in his daily life—it is simply the same reason that made them speak of him as the Saint. There was something about him, a holiness of life, that roused their admiration and made them call him that. And so I am affected by the reading of his life.

But meet Contardo in the circle of his home—during the leisure hours after his work in the lecture room. He is full of fun. He meets his friends with all naturalness and affability—possibly a trifle shy. But his delight is to be with the youngsters. He crawls on the floor with them—rides them on his back, tells them stories—and even tries to sing with them—though he said himself, he had no voice or ear for singing.

Meet him in company with his fellow professors at Messina, for instance, where he lived in an apartment house where they also had rooms. He was as happy and gay as—nay, happier than—any of them. We still have some of the doggerel verses that flowed so freely from his pen—written on festive occasions when they were gathered to celebrate someone's birthday. I had almost said, you would not know him from the rest. And yet there was something distinctive. It was this: he never would speak unkindly of anyone and never would utter an unseemly word. And when someone forgot himself, the blush that flashed across his face and the look of embarrassment that troubled his keen eyes, soon told the offender that he had made a mistake. They all knew it and some of these professors, in making their depositions regarding the character and life of Ferrini, when his cause was introduced, testified to these facts.

For shows, dances, parties, Contardo cared very little. He never went to them. "One loses too much time there," he would say.

#### THE ALPINIST.

His cherished sport for vacation days was to climb the Alps. This is known among Italian students as Alpinism. It is a sport well suited

to men of study, whose minds are constantly occupied with serious labor. The contemplation of the beauties of nature, which appear more majestic from the mountain heights, is joy and rest for them. Though the long jaunt and difficult climb is tiresome, it serves to strengthen the body.

Contardo's father, Professor Rinaldo Ferrini, had inducted him from boyhood into the delights of this form of recreation. The very year that Contardo won his degrees at the Borromean College, Professor Rinaldo Ferrini started an Alpine Club and Contardo made the first ascent with them.

From that time on, he always felt what he called—"homesickness for the mountains." Professor Olivi said of him: "Alpinism was his one passion. A jaunt up the Alps was the only thing that could draw him away for a few days from the profound studies that absorbed him."

This is how it impressed him: "One who has climbed the rough ways and the white, dizzy crests of the lofty Alps," he said in an address to students, "and reaches the last height with bold exulting heart, is overwhelmed with the marvelous spectacle that is unfolded before him—at that feast of light, at that glory of the mountains, which the sluggish inhabitant of the plain can scarce imagine."

Those majestic views of nature, the solemn silences of the mountains, seemed to speak to him: Lift up your heart! Everything seemed to have a charm for him and a lesson.

"How often," he writes in his booklet of meditations entitled: "A little bit of infinity," how often, tired from a long day of mountain climbing, sitting in the shade of a fir tree that shielded me from the rays of the setting sun, I conversed with a shepherd of the Alps or with some poor woman, a daughter of the mountains! And every time I marveled and was confused: such was the wisdom of life, such the sense of divine Providence, so low their esteem for earthly things, so great the intimate peace and the joy of a spotless life!"

"The love of nature, that precious gift of privileged souls, ought to play a very great part in our education. Poor youth, that grows up shrunken, poor in body and in spirit, without ideas and without courage, which knows no other road than the Corso (Broadway), no other horizons than those of the balcony, no other marvels of nature than those they read about in books! Poor youth, without conscience and without dignity—occupying itself with fashions, romances, theatres

and good times—which has never known peril on the brink of an abyss, nor has yet reached the sunny cap of some mountain! Indeed in these contacts with nature we feel the nearness of God and we contemplate His wonders; our mind opens up more fully to the beautiful and the good, it attains strength and dignity, it catches a glimpse of its highest destiny. Happy those who have the good fortune to be called to this robust and effective school! Give me a lad, who is growing up clinging, like an ivy, to his mother's apron-strings, lacking all individuality and initiative, full of cowardly fears, only to become later a more cowardly libertine—give me such a lad, so that I may lead him through our Alps. Let him learn to conquer in those obstacles of nature the future difficulties of life; let him learn to rejoice in the rising sun, contemplated from the spur of a mountain—in the setting sun that kindles the icy vast—in the brightness of the moon that plays in the deserted valleys; let him gather the flowers that grow near the very limits of perpetual snow and let him exult in so many smiles of heaven in the midst of those awesome mountains. That lad will return a man—and his moral conscience will not have deteriorated."

#### I SHALL SPEAK OF GOD.

Contardo knew the Alps well—their beauty, their story—spoke of them with enthusiasm and climbed their peaks again and again. But always there was the deeper note.

"I expect you at Suna," he wrote to his friend Victor Mapelli. "Come intrepid and hale and with secure foot; I shall introduce you to my mountains. Also, I shall speak of God."

If they passed any church or chapel on the way in some mountain village, he never failed to enter for a visit—and if it was the early morning hour and opportunity presented itself, he received Holy Communion. Professor Nogara, who often accompanied him, declared:

"His recollection while approaching the Holy Table was profound; he seemed to be entirely isolated from the world; he covered his face with his hands and remained immovable in prayer."

He was much esteemed and sought as a guide because his minute familiarity with the mountains made him a secure guide, his unfailing good nature made him a delightful companion and his knowledge of history made his guidance most informative.

His principles in regard to his recreation were these: It should

strengthen the body, rest the mind, never interfere with duty and lead us closer to God.

He was adamant in regard to duty. He never missed Mass, for instance, nor would he permit anyone in his party to miss it. Thus on one occasion he was to make a very important climb with some companions. The exploring trip was to last four days. They started on Saturday. By Sunday they were already far advanced, and all were eager to start early. Ferrini, however, reminded them that at the little mountain village where they were lodged, there would be Mass and sermon at 10:30 and he insisted that they wait and attend first to their duties.

On another occasion, after they had been climbing for two days, with another arduous day before them, they found themselves at a little inn not well prepared to give them a Friday dinner. The difficulties of the climb before them, and the hardships of the past two days made some think that though it was Friday, they might eat meat. Ferrini, however, would not hear of it.

Duty before everything! That was his watchword.

(To be Concluded.)

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Young folks like novels full of trouble; older folks do not.

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#### DIVINE LOVE

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Vast motive Force that couldst not find  
In earth, or wheeling orbs, Thy rest.  
Whom all Creation might not bind,  
E'en here, or in the Mansions blest.  
Thou lighting Spirit from God's Heart!  
Which can, alone, Thy power contain,  
Hadst Thou consented to remain—  
Not so! Thou willest to depart  
On sinful men to shed Thy light—  
And hide the splendor of Thy might.  
The strongest e'en become the weak,  
In humble majesty to seek  
Immortal souls—Thy joy, and boast,  
Beneath the veil of one White Host!

—*Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.*

## Phantom Feet

JAMES SMILEY, C.Ss.R.

"I see by the papers that Bat Nilson has been at his old tricks again," said Tad Murphy, when I dropped in on him at the Sports Goods Store to arrange for his measuring my youthful prodigies of the Catholic High School for their new baseball uniforms.

"Yes, I saw in a brief column on the sporting page yesterday that he won the Borchester Marathon last Saturday," said I.

"Is that all you read about him, Father?" asked Tad with his slow smile, which was always a prelude to a story of the old days or the new days from Tad.

Tad, to introduce him briefly to the reader, will serve well enough to designate a real character, one who was and still is nationally famous in the world of amateur athletics. He was Right End on the famous Fordham Team which beat Yale. A pitcher of outstanding record in collegiate circles he had refused an offer from the Giants to take up professional ball at the close of his college career. Good as he was at football and baseball, it was on the cinder paths that Tad had made his greatest bid for fame. A record holder at the middle distances, he had also been Intercollegiate Champion at the century-furlong, quarter-mile and half-mile. Although Tad was in his fiftieth year when the Phantom Finn, world's record holder, had come to the United States, in more than one metropolitan meet, Murphy had been picked to set the pace in the beginning of the middle distance events in which Furni had attempted to lower his records, which were usually the world's best. Tad caused a world-wide laugh by forcing the Finn in one such race to extend himself to the limit to beat the veteran to the tape in a half-mile run. After that Furni eschewed the half-mile and confined himself to the longer distances "lest," as one paper bitingly said, "some promoter should dig up a runner from the Old Men's Home and have him beat the Finn."

Tad might be classed by some as a failure, but I found him a wonderful companion, a man who at the end of life was enjoying a peace and contentment that had been denied him in its earlier years. Tad had studied law, and those who ought to know tell me he had been far from a failure at the practice of law. But he had given it up and in one of

of his rare moments of confidence he had told me why. "You see, Father, I married a lovable Catholic girl my second year out of college. We had a hard struggle of it in the beginning, but we didn't mind that because we were happy and God had blessed us with two wonderful children, a boy and a girl. As my practice increased things began to go better. The wife was a home woman,—none of your bridge playing gad-abouts of the present day. Well, the story of the end of the home-game is history. House burned down in the middle of the night,—the lovely new house I had built in the suburbs to which the finer section of the city would soon reach. I was away on a case in Boston and I didn't know till noon next day, that I had lost everything,—home, wife and kiddies. Honest, Father, I darn near went crazy. Only the affection of old college chums helped me hold any grip on life at all. I sold the property,—traveled, drank, quit going to Church and everything, in a word, made a senseless fool of myself for over a year. Finally, I got hold of myself through Father Dunn's help, the priest who used to be a room-mate of mine at Fordham. But I simply couldn't get a hold of myself to such an extent as to allow me to go back to the Law Office. Couldn't bear anything for years that reminded me of Kitty and the kids. But Father Dunn got me interested in athletics again and believe me it was my salvation as well as a pleasant way of making a living."

Now and then Tad did me the honor of yielding me some of his confidence. However, he was a canny soul and whenever I asked a question that embarrassed him, he had a witty way of turning the conversation to something else. For instance, when the "Human Eagle" joined a tirade in the papers against the A.A.U., and I ventured to ask Tad's opinion on the present-day status of amateur athletics, of which I knew considerable by personal experience, Tad merely grinned and said: "Now, Father, you and I both know too much about those things to talk about them. It's only the guy who knows just a little who can afford to talk. As to the 'Human Eagle,' he turned out to be just a buzzard, but he waited till time had plucked his wings to vent his poison breath. Time was when that same Human Eagle used to come creeping like a hen drenched by the rain into A.A.U. councils asking for reinstatement, when his greed for the dollar had gotten him into hot water."

That was all Tad would vouchsafe me of opinion on the subject of burning interest to lovers of clean sport, but he did immediately launch

into the narration of an incident in his own early years as an athlete, when rules governing amateur competition were not so supposedly strict as they are in our days. Tad knew he had me there and I would not try to get him back to the subject, for well did he understand how I loved to hear him tell of his excursions into the hinterland. It seems in his day, and his testimony has been corroborated by more than one crony of his, that authorities did not inquire too closely into the summer activities of athletes, supposed to be amateur, provided only they took themselves far enough away from their usual haunts to prevent their activities getting into print in their college town. Rural newspapers might claim as much as they pleased that a famous amateur athlete had graced their town for a visit, to the consequent bankruptcy of all the red-hot sports in the vicinity, but the athlete always had a good alibi.

Tad told me he had competed at every distance from a hundred yard dash to a two mile run in these summer excursions and earned enough money to pay his college expenses and set himself up in an office at the end of his college course by means of his phantom feet. The schemes used varied, but, usually where the territory had not been covered before, the "manager," usually another athlete, would drop into town with a line of goods for sale. Lolling about the local hotel he began to talk about sports. "Footracing" was all the rage in those days and every hamlet in the hinterlands had its runner, whom the natives thought a world-beater. Sometimes the natives arranged a race between the local champ and the "manager" for a side bet of a hundred dollars or so. Of course the manager always lost and always went about breathing threats of revenge, good naturedly. "Just wait till my side-kick comes along next week," he would say. "He is in the hardware line. But he's the fastest thing on two feet and will run your man into the ground."

Whereat the yokels would laugh knowingly and probably say, "Wal, stranger, yew thought yew was putty good yerself till Si beat ye."

Next week Tad would come with two grips, filled supposedly with hardware. Sometimes he took the grips away with him to use in the next town and sometimes he did not. You see he had to make a get-away often that would not allow him to be cumbered with any heavy grips filled with hardware, though a piece of hardware in the shape of a revolver would have served him in good stead now and then. Of course the rustics dug down into their overalls or jeans or whatever

rustics wore in those days, and backed their champion to the limit of all they owned or could borrow. The race was usually arranged for as close to local train time as possible, so that the "manager" and the runner could get out of town as soon as possible after the race. If possible they had a third man on hand as stakeholder, and, the said stakeholder usually parked in the depot while the race was being run. Tad told me on more than one occasion he had been recognized as he poised at the starting tape and finished the race by keeping on past the finishing tape, leaping the fence and taking the train on the run.

Such a man was Tad. I could spend hours with him in the store where he drew a handsome salary because of the prestige his name added to the firm, or in the church gymnasium after he had finished coaching my embryo athletes of an evening. I may have lingered over long in telling you about him, but take my advice if you are anywhere near Leech's Sports Goods Store, go and call on him.

To come back to Tad's remark on the Marathoning Marvel as Nilson was popularly called: "I see where Bat Nilson has been up to his old tricks again." Wherein I scented a story.

"What tricks have you in mind, Tad?" I asked.

"Well, Father, the 'Times' gives him quite a write up. Bat won the marathon by only six minutes and having held the lead for the first twenty miles had to swallow dust from Tilter and three others and only passed Tilter at Jervis, owing to Bat's having stopped at Tidewater for a cup of tea."

"A cup of tea!" I ejaculated. "Who on earth ever heard of a Finn runner being so attached to tea?" Tad roared with laughter.

"Nilson certainly isn't attached to tea," he chuckled. "I said Bat was up to his old tricks. You know he dearly loves good beer. And you ought to guess how hard that is to get nowadays. Well Bat never runs in a marathon that hasn't a blind tiger somewhere on the route, where he can get some beer. No matter where he is placed in the race, he will drop out long enough to rest a few minutes and down a shouper or so. In Boston the papers said he came in second because he stopped at Dorchester for a bottle of soda pop. But as Tidewater is ultra-fashionable, soda pop wouldn't do. So the 'Times' says it's tea this time. Bat was leading the nearest runner by half an hour at Tidewater. Gee, that fellow who ran the speakeasy must have had a bet on Tilter."

"I never knew Nilson was a hard drinker," I replied; "when he ran for us last summer he seemed to be a clean cut, likeable fellow."

"Don't get me wrong, Father," said Tad. "Bat isn't a drunkard. He couldn't be and still keep in condition to run five or six marathons every season and cover the fifteen mile route besides on an average of twice a month. He simply insists on a little beer in spite of prohibition. If the beer is extra good, Bat doesn't mind losing a race to enjoy it. You say he is a likeable fellow. You are right, but let me tell you, as a tribute to yourself, yours was the only meet in which Bat ever competed, except one other, in which he didn't get a poke."

"What do you mean by a 'poke'? Are the priests supposed to provide his beer?" I asked.

Tad laughed merrily. "No—no—Father, a 'poke' is the term used among tramp athletes for the extra money they demand over and above expenses for competing in an event."

"I left all that to you," said I curtly.

"Yes, Father," smiled Tad unruffled. "I know you did. And if I do say it myself, I did a good job. Everybody turned down their share except that renegade Irishman who took the half mile. Notice he hasn't competed in a first-class meet since then."

"There you are," I grinned, good nature restored; "feeding me blarney about Nilson liking me, and you know very well they came to terms because they feared you would use your underground influence and keep them off the boards in the Winter indoor meets, where the pickings are good."

"Right to a certain extent, Father," said Tad; "but Nilson came and offered to run after he met you at the Winged Foot Games. Said you reminded him of Father Clancy."

"Who on earth is Father Clancy? I don't know him," I replied.

"Just a good hearted earnest priest like yourself, Father," replied Tad. "Gee, Father, if priests only realized what influence a good priest has on men, there would be more of them out on the track with the boys or sitting on the bench at baseball and football games."

"But Tad," I replied, "I enjoy the sports myself. All priests are not built that way. Some simply can't mix. They are shy and retiring while as for myself——"

"You're a regular guy," interrupted Tad. "Well, father Clancy was a regular guy too. Holy, as a priest of God ought to be. Generous to

a fault. Why that priest gave his overcoat to a bum working as a snow shoveler, and almost got pneumonia as a result. Gosh, men loved him and the more abandoned they were, the easier it seemed for him to bring them back to God. That's why I was tickled silly to help him and work with him as coach of his track team, the first whack I took at athletics, after my wife died. But I almost blocked him from his greatest triumph."

"Tell me about it, Tad, and I'll take you out and buy you a lunch," said I. "It's almost your lunch hour anyway."

"It won't take but a minute," said Tad. "Father Clancy was doing the same work as yourself. Taking promising lads from the School and making first-class athletes out of them, with an idea of their athletic ability helping place them in college."

"That's your idea, you sinner, and you know it," said I. "You have not only trained them but you have placed more of them in College and saw to it that their way through was paved for them, than any other man I know."

"Well," said Tad, "I got the idea from Father Clancy. Besides every time I help a boy, I think I'm doing it for my own kid who was burned up in that fire."

I placed my hand sympathetically on Tad's shoulder and he continued. "Never mind, Father, years have softened the blow. But to come back to Father Clancy's triumph. There was a town in his section that was celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of its founding or something. One of the Committee happened to be a Catholic and when sports were programmed, he invited Father Clancy to bring his gang and compete, as the prizes were well worth while and he would see to the expenses. In that particular town, for fifty years after its founding, a priest would have been burned at the stake if found in its limits and even at the present day, Catholics are in the minority and a priest is looked on as a sort of monstrosity. So it was just like Father Clancy to determine to win that meet. To tell the truth I didn't think he had a chance in the world. We had ten boys we could rake up to compete, six of them college men and fairly good and the other four just coming along under my coaching and though readied up to go to college,—not in my opinion ready for hard competition. Except one guy, Father, Ernie Kinked. That guy was good and he knew it."

"Leave it to you to size up your chances before a meet," said I.

"That's the way I win meets," replied Tad. "Well, as I said in this particular meet I didn't think we had a chance. There were three clubs bringing teams, besides a horde of athletes, some of them imported champs with great records, who were unattached. The P.A.A. had gathered together a team which looked like the Yarvard-Hale Track Team with a few of their own stars thrown in for good measure. Altogether they must have had fifty entries. Then there was the crack bunch of runners and field men from the Larks and a crowd of independent champs who had been brought there by a wad of dough. And against this bunch of stars all we had were our ten boys. Of course among the ten were Transky, the big Polak. That guy was a wonder. Just too good natured on almost everything to get excited. But just mention that the guy opposed to him hated Polaks and Catholics, and you could stake your last dollar, Stanny would give him a trimming no matter how good he was. Stanny was a field man—champion college hammer thrower,—world's record for the javelin,—and national record for the discus. Besides he was good at the high jump and broad jump and no college man could touch him in the hop-skip and jump, though Kerns of Yarmouth used to give him a trimming now and then in the shot put. Stanny was our best bet and besides him we had Kenly for the middle distances,—Pauly for the sprints, and a kid named O'Keefe for the mile. Of course I haven't said a word about Ernie. Ernie was good and he knew it and I knew it. I figured that boy was going to be the surprise of the meet. So taking it all in all, I figured we could make thirty points,—not a bad showing for a little club like ours, but I figured also we would need fifty points to win."

"But you won somehow, didn't you, Tad?" I asked.

"Well, it was a very doubtful matter," answered Tad. "You see I was wrong on the fifty points to win. Along about the middle of the meet Father Clancy came to me and said:

"Say Tad, did you know we are leading by five points? All we need do now is break even to win, and Stanny ought to account for a lot of points."

"Gosh, Father," I said, "that seems too good to be true. How come? 'Well, Tad,' he answered, 'the Larks and the P.A.A. figured on fighting it out and they balanced their teams for that purpose. They forgot two things. First we are here today and second the independent athletes took a lot of first and second places that usually go to either

the Larks or the P.A.A. Bussey of the Wing Feet,—Gordon of the Newark, and Kenton of the Crescents, have riddled their chances. The Larks haven't a show. They are trailing us by ten points. Those second places the kid O'Keefe took, put us in the running.'

"Then Father," said I, "we gotta look out for the old combination. Neither of those clubs want to see us win. So look out for a combine."

"Even at that neither of them can win. The Larks are a sure bet to win the relay special. We are not entered. So it's a two club affair and the Larks won't dare throw it. They are too well known. Can't afford to chuck it and all the points go to the winner. As I have it figured, if Stanny does his stuff, we can win by two points. The ten points the Larks will win on the relay, will not even them with us and, allowing for the points the P.A.A. will surely earn in the distance runs, we can trim them."

"Well, all I have to say is look out for treachery, I told him. Catholics ain't any too well liked by either of those clubs, although they have a few jellyfish Catholics competing for them. Besides if the K.K.K.s of this town can keep us out we are going to be out."

"Just then Stanny came up, his big face flaming with anger. 'Say, Father,' he blurted, 'I just heard one sweet conversation. Two guys knocking the spots out of us Micks. Figure we have a chance to win and what they didn't say about the priests and the Catholic Church ain't worth hearing. Gosh, Father, we got to win.'

"Go out and do your stuff, Stanny," said Father, "it's in the bag for us to win."

"Well, we would have won, hands down, but they pulled a smart trick on us. That guy Ernie on whom I was banking came through all right. He placed second in the quarter mile and ran Ronson the P.A.A. star, into the ground in the stretch to win the half mile by a yard. His points gave us a lead of eight. Then the wise guys pulled a smart trick and almost beat us. At the same time they caused something that hasn't happened in my life before or since. Father Clancy and I had an argument. I backed down, yielded my judgment to his and though it was against all the dope, my judgment was wrong or at least we won the meet, though I still feel we might have taken it with my ideas. Though afterwards I had reason to doubt."

"Come, come, Tad," said I. "Spill it to me. Did Father Clancy run or jump or something?"

"Nix," said Tad, "but his spirit did and his judgment did. Father, I guess with all your dealing with souls, you priests get an insight into character that is uncanny. Whether it was that or just Father Clancy's love of men and love of clean sport, he backed his knowledge of human nature against my twenty years of experience with athletes, and he won."

"Well, just what did he do?" I asked.

"You see, as I said, we were leading by eight points towards the end of the meet. Nilson won the fifteen mile marathon but, Pennigan placed second for the P.A.A. Even at that with Stanny a sure winner in the hop, step and jump, we looked to be in. Then they pulled the wise stuff. Barton who was lead-off man for the Larks pulled a tendon in the half mile or said he did, and the Larks backed out of competing. That made it all the better for us. Though our lead had been cut to three points, Stanny would add a few more, and we would win easily with the relay out. Then the officials came to me and suggested we compete against the P.A.A. in a relay. I just laughed. But these birds pointed out to me that the relay had been billed as the biggest event of the day next to the modified marathon. I told them that was their lookout. We had done more than our share. I had no relay team chosen for summer competition and the P.A.A. had an all-star team. If they were so set on having the relay, I would lend them a man to take Barton's place on the Larks team and they could make it an exhibition, throwing out the points. But the thing had been well planned. We were framed nicely. P.A.A. served notice that they would protest the meet, if the relay were not run as point competition, and the Larks positively refused to run with any other man than their regular team. It was up to us. So I pointed out to Father Clancy that we had to run and lose the meet to the P.A.A. or else be labeled poor sports, afraid to take a chance."

"Well," said Father Clancy to me, "there's only one thing to do. Run them and beat them."

"As well ask me to pole-vault over the moon, Father," said I, "a little later in the season I might be able to do something, but gosh, I can't pick four men out of the crowd to compete with those men."

"You need five,—not four," said Father Clancy.

"What do you mean, Father, five?" I asked him.

"Well, they've got to concede something. After all we are doing

the favor, even though they had to throttle us to get it. Now instead of four men, insist on a five-man relay. That will give us only a fifth of a mile for a man."

"But, good grief, Father, if I can't find four men, how on earth am I going to dig up five?" I asked.

"That's where we cross them up. They have four champs all good at the quarter mile,—not so good at the fifth maybe, and their fifth man?"

"Not so good either, Father," I chuckled; "they'll have as hard a time digging up a fifth man as myself. Gosh at least we'll make a race of it. You go and put it up to the officials and I'll see what I can do. Too bad I didn't foresee this thing, I could have had one of the men save himself. They are all tired now."

"Well, the gang gave in because they had to, and for no other reason. Father came back and reported and I showed him my four men. But for the life of me, I couldn't decide on a fifth man."

"Put the kid O'Keefe in as start off man," said Father.

"Gosh, Beck will run rings around him," I replied.

"I don't think so," said Father, "the kid will keep his pace even if it kills him."

"Just then Ernie, my pride, came up and said 'Father, I'll do my best.' And then Father gave me the surprise of my life. 'You are not going to run,' said he.

"Heavens, Father," I said; "next to Kenly he is our one hope. You never interfered yet in a team I picked. Why start now? I know we have not a chance, but at least with Ernie there's not going to be a disgraceful licking coming to us."

"I'm as good as any man on either team," said Ernie.

"Yes," blurted out Father. "No doubt you are, but you are not going to run in this race on which so much depends."

"But why, Father, why?" I protested.

"Yes, why I ask," said Ernie. "I have a right to it."

"You have no rights here on this team except what you win," said Father Clancy. "Now look here, young man, I said you're not going to run and you're not, even if we have to call off the race. You want to know why? I'll tell you. First of all, you have no team spirit. You are a lad who wants all the glory for himself. How do I know? Well, you could have earned O'Keefe a third place in that half-mile run, if

you had let yourself out and tired Ronson early in the race. You could have done it and you know it. But you preferred a grandstand finish and you know it. Saved it all for the stretch, when the kid couldn't stick in the speedy dash to the tape. Further, you lack courage,—a little more nerve,—taking a chance on the turn in that quarter-mile and passing Turner, by giving up your inside position and you stood a show of beating Gates. But no, you showed the yellow. So you don't run."

"That was Father Clancy all the time. Seldom landed on a boy, but when he did, he landed hard. No need to ask Ernie to run after that. He put on his robe and announced he was through for the day."

"Who on earth will be finish man now?" I asked Father angrily. I'll admit I lost my temper completely. "You've put our best man out. Maybe you intend to run yourself."

"I would if I thought I was needed, rather than have a lad with no courage disgrace us," said Father. Then he put his hand on my shoulder. "Tad, run Stanny and run him as finisher. He's our anchor."

"My eyes almost popped out of my head. 'Stanny,' I gasped. 'Why, Father, that big Polak is no good on the track except in a hundred yards or the longer distance of a thousand meters in the Decathlon. Then he's in his own class with field men, competing against him. But run Stanny against Gates! Gosh, Father, it's suicide.'"

"Call Stanny over here," said Father. I did so and Father Clancy explained the deal that had been put over on us. Stanny's big hamlike hands clenched and he blurted, 'Father, I'll take first in all my remaining events or break a leg!"

"That won't do, Stanny," replied the priest. "Even if you win everything and Cawley gets his two points we stand to lose by three points, if they win the relay. We want you to run against Gates. Will you? In a way it's for the honor of the Catholics, you know."

"Will I run?" growled the Pole. "Say, Father, I'll not only run, I'll win or die trying. Just tell George Kenly to give me an even break with the baton if he can and we'll lick 'em."

"Run he did. There was a chuckle from those who knew athletes when our team was announced and Bob Guffy, an old time athlete who was reporter for the *Globe*, asked me if I had gone crazy. I just laughed, being loyal to Father Clancy, though I didn't think we had the ghost of a show. But it was some race. O'Keefe, the youngster, hung on to his man like grim death. Everybody on our team seemed pos-

sessed of the wings of the gods. But it was courage and fighting spirit more than their speed that kept our men in the running. And when it came to Stanny! Gosh, I'll never forget that ending. Gates had a half-yard lead at the start, and to see big lumbering Stanny start after him, reminded one of an elephant trying to catch a greyhound. But that Polak did it. It's hard to get sports writers enthused, but the bunch there that day acted like maniacs. Stanny hung on to Gates like grim death. Hung on to him, ran the heart out of him and licked him by a yard. That's how among Stanny's records, all track but one, you find him holding a record for the fifth-mile. At the end of the race the big Pole ran on for almost fifty yards and then collapsed. I thought we would have to call a doctor. His knees were frozen up against his chest and I couldn't get them down. You've seen runners that way, Father, when they've given all they have and more. Suddenly the announcer's voice was heard. Stanny growled and leaped to his feet. 'The dirty crooks,—announcing the hop, step and jump out of turn, just to lick us in it,' he muttered. 'Here's where we fool 'em. And he staggered off to the jumping pit, and helped give the P.A.A. the most disgraceful licking ever administered them in competition."

#### AND YET ANOTHER

I was delayed in a small town railroad station. A stranger was there with me. We got to talking about a recent cyclone that had claimed a heavy toll of human lives. My companion lightly made the following statement:

"There's no use worrying about such things. When my time comes—whether it be in a cyclone or anything else—I know that I'll have to go—and I've got friends in both places on the other side."

Friendship is a bond of love. It will be a disillusioning kind of consolation that a man will receive from his "friends" in the one place where there is neither love nor pity—but only cursing and weeping and gnashing of teeth. If the expectation of such a consolation is leading him to "take a chance," he is in a sad, sad way indeed!

Most of us are so intent upon our own affairs that we do not take time to be thoughtful of others. Yet the tactful, considerate person often has more power over the lives of his fellows than the one of greater native ability. Be thoughtful and you will be loved.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## THE MONKEY AND THE BEAR

A bear once chased a monkey through the forest. But the monkey was too wise for brother Bruin, and he climbed to the top of a tree—where as you know—the bear could not follow him.

But the bear was wise too. He lay down at the foot of the tree, rolled over, and pretended he was dead. After a while the monkey's curiosity overcame him. "A dead bear cannot bite," he said to himself—and he came down from the tree. He wanted to see what a dead bear looked like—so he went right up and began to examine the still form. And almost before he knew it, the bear jumped up and seizing him in his powerful paws, killed him.

That is how the devil sometimes gains his prey. At first a soul is wise—and flees away to where the devil cannot follow. And then the soul grows foolish—and comes back to look once more on the occasion of sin or the wicked temptation near which the devil dwells. And all of a sudden the devil leaps up again—and this time he clasps the foolish soul in his wicked arms!

## SCANDAL

Berengarius, says Blessed Leonard, denied the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, and he brought many other persons into his error. When he was on his death-bed, he was seized with great fear. The priest who assisted him in his last passage, tried to encourage him. What was his answer? "I am about," he said, "to go before the judgment-seat of Jesus Christ. I will tell you, that for my own sins I hope for pardon; but for the sins I have made others commit, I fear I shall not be pardoned. I fear I shall be damned, for I do not know how to repair the damage I have done."

Sincerity pays. Counterfeitors ply an unprofitable trade in the long run. An honorable life is the most appropriate ornament of old age, and moral courage is the proudest insignia of youth.

# Pointed Paragraphs

## MOTHER'S DAY CAMEOS

The Court was assembled. The prisoner was in the dock,—a girl, still in her teens. She had to be kept behind bars to stem the disease of her society. The judge gave her the privilege of pleading anything she chose in her own behalf. She arose and swept the court with her blazing eyes. A dread silence fell on the court; a thrill of terror passed through everyone present at, with a reckless toss of her head, she declared:

"I'm all that you say . . . I'm a plague . . . Yes,—I'm what my mother made me."

That was one mother's day. And judging from the recent arrest of fifty-six parents in Chicago, in connection with the tragedy in which some high school boys and girls figured, such mother's,—and father's,—days might be enacted often.

It happened during the great War. A boy of nineteen who had fallen in battle was brought into the hospital. The surgeon, on opening the young soldier's jacket, found a scrap of paper. On one side was the word:

"Mother."

On the other, was written this last message:

"This is written in case anything happens to me; for I should like you to have just a little message from my own hand. Your love for me and my love for you have made my whole life one of the happiest there ever has been. This is a great day for me. God bless you and give you peace."

That was another mother's day,—and what a happy day it must have been, despite the tears that fell.

A great black cross stood out against the lowering sky, on the brow of a hill. Upon it hung the mangled and bleeding form of one who once was wonderfully beautiful and majestic. A dreadful crown of thorns encircled his brow; the lovely eyes were filled with blood that streamed down from the thorn-wounds; the strong and handsome face

was pale with approaching death. It was Jesus. Beneath the Cross stood a woman, and anyone could see that her heart was broken. It was Mary. Suddenly from the Cross, in tenderest accents, come the words: "Woman, behold thy son . . . Son behold Thy mother."

That was the first Mother's Day, after which all mothers' days are named; for it was the day when the Best of Sons spoke to the best of mothers and gave her to us forever as our Mother.

The more closely we cling to her, the happier will mother's day be for mothers and children.

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### OFFERINGS TO MARY

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How shall we speak to Mary of our love? Of old they used to gather roses and weave them into garlands and offer them as takens of their devotion to those they loved. Such garlands they called their Rosaries.

We too, can gather roses—can weave them into garlands and offer them at the shrine of Mary. Prayers are flowers—and more; for a flower is but a symbol; it will fade and die—while a prayer will live on forever. And the daily Rosaries we will offer to Mary during this month of May will prove better than flowers or other gifts our love for Mary; will gain her protection and care—will be stored away as priceless jewels awaiting us in heaven!

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### MOTHER'S DAY

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The Queen of Mothers must look down with joy on this land of men on Mother's Day. No doubt there comes back to her mind all that her Son meant to her—when she clasped Him to her bosom—when she gladly offered pain and sorrow and sacrifice for Him; when she was repaid for all by a word, a glance, a thought of love on the part of her Son.

Mother's Day is the day for all of us to give our Mothers the word or glance or thought of love that will help to repay her for all she has done for us. It will help to make up for the wilful pain that we may have caused her; for the undeserved sorrow we may have, at some time or other, brought into her heart.

The best gift and the truest that will be our thought of love—will

be to receive Holy Communion on that day for her. Whether she is gone from us or living still—that gift will cheer and comfort her. It will bring her something real and lasting—and with it the joy of knowing that her child's soul is in the grace and friendship of God.

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### AN ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE HEREAFTER

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A character in a well-known modern novel avows this bit of practical philosophy regarding the hereafter: "If there is a future life—I shall be glad to explore; and if there is not, I shall be content to sleep."

The words are spoken by a fictitious person—but there are many who live according to their spirit. And surely it requires a grim kind of fatalism, a childish lack of the sense of responsibility, for a man with a reasoning mind to treat so lightly the proofs of an after-life, and then so blindly to take a chance on what that life may hold in store for him. As for the last clause—that he will be content to sleep—that is perhaps just exactly what he would be most content to do—when that final trip of exploration leads him to the gate on which the words are burnt in fire: Abandon hope—all ye who enter here!

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### SUMMER IS NIGH

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A few more weeks and it will be here. Thousands are looking forward to it already. They are examining guide-books and advertisements and catalogues—for a place to go. A place where they can get away from their work for a while and enjoy a much needed rest and a good time.

But other thousands are looking forward to something else. They are determining when and where and how they can make a retreat. Many have signed up already; they want to give their souls a vacation from their constant struggles with the world and sin; to get away for two or three days to a place where they can build up new strength in their souls for another year. But there are thousands too, who have never thought of this. Are you among them?

Plan both kinds of vacation this year. A vacation for your body—by all means—but don't neglect your soul. Give it a chance too by signing up now for one of the many retreats that will be given throughout the country during the summer that is near!

### ONE OF GOD'S HEROES

Not all the heroes are found in fiction. Sometimes they are found in the lonely, out-of-the-way places of the earth—where there are few to see and none to applaud and only God Who inspires them to give a reward.

A young Jesuit from St. Louis, Father James Gibbons, who, by the way, has given his life to serve as a Missionary in far-off India, said his first Holy Mass in that distant land shortly before Christmas. On Christmas eve he was sent out to a small town for his first ministerial labors. When he arrived he found that there was a sick-call awaiting him—and he set out at once on a small but spirited pony to answer it. He baptized and consoled the dying native who had called for him—and returned to the village where he was to say the midnight Mass. After he had gone about the village calling the natives together—he was mounting his pony when it suddenly side-stepped and bolted away from him. It threw him headlong on the ground. He came to himself to find that besides many bruises, he had a broken arm.

There was no doctor around—and he directed the natives to set the arm as best they could. Then he heard confessions for an hour and a half—said three Masses—gave out Holy Communion—and preached a sermon. Then and then only he set out (it was an hour's walk and an hour and a half train ride) for the city where a physician set and bandaged his broken arm.

We need not wonder whether or not the Infant Saviour blessed that night's work in the land of the heathen. It was the work of a priest after His own heart.

In the long history of crime the oldest and the worst excuse for doing harm to others is, that we are not our brother's keepers. No formula of falsehood has produced so many swollen bank accounts, and so many rotten characters and vitiated consciences as the formula, "We give the people what they want."—(The Casket.)

There is a grain of truth in the adage that blessings brighten as they take their flight. It is well that retrospection sheds an added lustre over the good that has been done, but recollection need not lessen the appreciation of the good which now is.




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## Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

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### The Story of Perpetual Help

#### CHAP. IX. THE AUTHOR OF PERPETUAL HELP

C. A. SEIDEL, C.Ss.R.

Almost the first question we ask on viewing a work of art is, who was its author? And the more we know about the author, the more we value his work. Not seldom does it happen that a work, otherwise of little worth, borrows special significance and glory from the name of its author. This paper purposes then, to treat the question of our Picture's authorship in the light of the latest discoveries; and we hope that such a discussion will increase our esteem and warm our love for the Picture itself.

At the very outset we admit that the question is rather difficult to solve, owing to the scarcity of historical evidence on which to base our judgment. In fact, one name alone seems to have any claim on our consideration—the name of Andreas Rico de Candia, which appears at the bottom of two sister pictures of Perpetual Help, namely, on the one at Fiesole, and on the other at Parma, Italy. With regard to the authenticity of this inscription there is no reasonable doubt, as both Lichatscheff and Frothingham testify. But as to the exact date of this painter's life, we are very much in the dark. Some, as Muñoz, say he lived as late as the sixteenth century, while others, among whom are reckoned Diehl and Keyes, believe that he flourished as early as the thirteenth; this opinion is supported by an inscription on an old tablet found in the church of St. Jerome at Fiesole, Italy, which explicitly states that Andreas Rico de Candia lived in the thirteenth century. If he really lived at this early period, he could have been the author of Perpetual Help. But this may well be doubted. Comparing the pictures that bear his name, however, with Perpetual Help, we are so struck by the latter's superior qualities, that we can hardly believe they are the works of a single hand. Homer nods, it is true, and so do artists have "their moments of weakness"; but we are loath to attribute such a superior work as Perpetual Help and such inferior works as

those mentioned above to one and the same author—to Andreas de Candia.

Besides, this particular individual is so wrapped in the obscurity of the past, that we know scarcely anything certain about him. After much study and research, Fr. Henze, C.Ss.R., has formed and broached the following theory as to the part played by Andreas Rico de Candia in the art of his day: Andreas Rico was born of Italian parents at Candia or Crete, whither they had moved some time before. Returning in later life to Italy, he began to ply the artist's brush. In a certain church of Crete, he remembered there was a very popular and attractive picture of the Mother of God; it was highly praised for its beauty and deeply reverenced for its miracles. That, he thought, was the kind of picture a young artist ought to paint; so he resolved to make copies of it for the Faithful of the West.

To call their attention to the picture's special significance and meaning, he added, just above the Infant's shoulder, an explanatory inscription, sometimes in Greek, sometimes in Latin, according to its destination. But, as he had not brought along a copy of the original, or if he did it must have been very poorly done, it happened that the pictures produced in his studio labored under numerous defects, and several minor inaccuracies, causing them to differ not a little from the original. He was the first, wrote Artraud de Mentor, to inscribe his name on a picture, but, says the same critic, "he was not the originator of this new style of picture."

Hence, it does not seem very likely that Andreas Rico was the author of Perpetual Help; his merit lies rather in the fact that he had foresight enough to choose for his brush a picture whose universal and captivating appeal to the human heart would insure its continued popularity; and in this history shows he was not mistaken.

The authorship of Perpetual Help is, indeed, shrouded in mystery. The name of its originator may never be known. But, though we know not his name, we do know from a close study of the picture itself, that he must have possessed considerable skill as an artist; that he must have been a deeply religious man; that he must have been more influenced by Greecian than Roman, or Italian, thought; and finally, that he must have been well acquainted with life and art in the West. These interesting qualities of the painter, like so many petals of the flower of his genius, we shall endeavor to unfold one by one.

The skill of our artist is made manifest both in his power of invention and in his power of execution. By the power of invention is meant that faculty possessed by authors, which enables them to conceive, plan, and produce an original work; or so to change an older piece as to make it appear entirely new, and, in truth, worthy to bear the name of a new production. Now, on the supposition, as we have stated in a previous paper, that the Picture of Perpetual Help was the model for all her sister pictures, we can readily see how wonderful was our author's power of invention, for did he not so successfully change the ancient Hodegetria of St. Luke as to make it appear veritably a new composition? Note the increase of dramatic life; the Infant's fright, the falling sandal, the clutching hands. No longer is his hand raised in majestic benediction or authoritative teaching, and the calm, dignified composure of his countenance is gone. He is all excitement, all anxiety,—for the thought, the tremendous thought of death is upon Him. True, His Mother does not manifest the same excited emotion; her lips do not tremble, nor her eyes flick with fear; and, contrary to what we should expect in real life, she is looking not at Her Child, but at those praying before her; this the artist had to do to give his picture a devotional appeal. It would be utterly wrong, however, to suppose that our Lady shows no signs of life, for who cannot perceive a Mother's pleading in those tearful eyes? Who can fail to see sorrow's seven-pointed sword piercing her breast? Who, finally, cannot grasp the depths of her love for God and for man? No longer is she the dignified Queen of Heaven whom we should fear to approach; she is rather the kind, loving, compassionating Mother whom we cannot resist. She is truly our Mother, our advocate, our Perpetual Help. Thoughts such as these surged to the mind of Fr. Beetz when he contemplated our Picture, and forced him to exclaim: "Whenever I stand before this Picture, I seem to see a very ocean of ideas." No wonder, then, that Professor Henry Brockhaus declared: "Your Madonna is the work of a profound intellect." And Homer Eaton Keyes, a professor at Dartmouth College, wrote as follows: "The Christ Child frightened at the prophetic vision of future sufferings constitutes a new iconographic idea; the little falling shoe adds a humanizing touch of *genre*. Both are what we might expect of the revitalized Byzantine painting of the late thirteenth or early fourteenth century; and, entirely apart from considerations of technical mastery, would be sufficient to account for the popularity of the in-

ventor and for the multiplication of the type, either at first hand or through successive copies." And what he says of Andreas Rico de Candia whom he thinks—though erroneously, we believe—the originator of such pictures, may be justly applied to the real author, whoever he may be: "In him we perceive something of a personality; master of a Cretan *atelier* (art studio) whose products followed the paths of commerce east and west; observer of tradition, yet responsive to the urgent *Zeitgeist* of his century; inventor of a new iconography of the Madonna; half timid perpetrator of *genre*. In the still conservative lands orientward from the Adriatic, recognition of him expresses itself in the long-continued repetition of his works."

(To be Continued.)

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#### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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"During the public Novena I prayed to our loving Mother of Perpetual Help for my husband to be placed in a better position. I continued to pray and my prayers were answered in the beautiful month of May. I promised to have a High Mass said every month in thanksgiving.

"Loving Mother of Perpetual Help, I thank thee."

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"Dear Father: My niece was taken ill with convulsions and through a Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help by the reverend Sisters of the Convent of Mercy relief was obtained the very first day of the Novena. We wish to give thanks for her recovery."

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"To Our Lady of Perpetual Help:

"During the first three months of this year I was without work and decided to start the monthly services to 'Our Lady of Perpetual Help.'

"I immediately began praying fervently, receiving the Sacraments at least once a month and attending the services the first Sunday of each month. Since that time my prayers have been answered by my having work continually.

"I wish to thank Our Lady of Perpetual Help for her kindness and ask that inasmuch as I continue the practice I have been following that she will continue to help me at all times.

"P.S.: Am enclosing a small amount for a Mass in her honor."

## Catholic Events

The annual novena of Masses for the conversion of the Jews, begun in London, England, in the year 1918, will take place as usual from the Feast of Corpus Christi to that of the Sacred Heart,—from May 30 to June 7. This great work of the Catholic Guild of Israel is the fruit of a novena made to St. Anthony and bears the seal of Papal approbation. Religious or priests who must binate on Sundays, may find it easy to offer one of their Masses for the Novena intentions. The laity also may join by causing Masses to be offered in union with the intention of the Guild.

All those who intend to join the Novena are asked to forward their names with the number of Masses they offer or are having offered, to the Convent of Notre Dame de Sion, Kansas City, Mo.

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The Superior Council of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith beheld its meetings in Rome during April, with representatives and national directors present from the United States, France, Italy, England, Scotland, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Poland, Bavaria and Jugoslavia.

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Quinn, national director of the Society for the United States, brought a report of the work done in America.

In 1928, Msgr. Quinn reported, there was a net balance of \$1,262,-168.57, an increase of \$135,360 over the previous year. The report also showed that the work of the Society had increased in 65 dioceses and was firmly established in all the others, diminution in its activities being reported in only two.

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With a record of 78 new ecclesiastical divisions created in the mission world between March, 1922, and March, 1929, Roman authorities now confess that the limit has almost been reached until new forces can be brought into action. After seven years of pontificate of Pope Pius XI, there is in Asia, Africa and Oceania, one new territory for every four old ones. Never before in history has such rapid advance been made.

The mission world, properly speaking, is divided into approximately 360 areas, in place of a bare 280 seven years ago. One reason for the heavy advance is found in the determination of the authorities through the Propaganda to divide into more manageable units as many as possible of the vast territories counting millions of inhabitants confided to individual Bishops for evangelization. As is commonly known many of these areas were so enormous that proper occupation by the staffs was out of the question.

On the principle that smaller territories even with relatively small staffs were more efficient than large territories, the Sacred Congrega-

tion for the Propagation of the Faith has made heavy cuts in the old lines, particularly in China, India and Africa.

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Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, when questioned by the Rome correspondent of the N. C. W. C. News Service about reports published in Europe and America that an agreement had been reached between the Holy See and the Soviet Government in Russia, declared:

"There is not a single word of truth in the rumors that conversations are being held to prepare an agreement between the Soviet Government of Russia and the Holy See."

The rumors, it was stated in Rome, could only have come from those who have interests to serve, and it was suggested that the source of those interests could be traced to the desire of the Soviet Government to elevate its standing in public opinion.

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In 1905, in virtue of the Sparation Law, religious congregations were forbidden to exist in France. Recently the French Chamber of Deputies has passed a bill authorizing the return of nine missionary congregations and the restoration of all the church property sequestrated at that time.

\* \* \*

Senor Moises Saenz, assistant secretary of the Department of Education in Mexico, in the course of an address given at Baltimore, said:

"Although the Church party has generally opposed all the reform movements started in 1910, it is not behind the present trouble, for its worst enemies are among the generals in revolt, and all of their pretended friendliness fools no one."

\* \* \*

Under the direction of Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell, Bishop of Los Angeles, a Lenten Mission was held in all the 262 churches of the diocese of Los Angeles. Reports to date reveal that the success of the great spiritual campaign exceeds even the fondest hopes of those who were interested in planning the program. So far 56 parishes have sent in their reports, and the summary of these shows that 158,247 Communions were distributed, 4,321 persons were brought back to the practice of their faith, and 241 non-Catholics have taken up instructions to be received into the church. As these 56 parishes form about one-fourth of the churches in the diocese, it is estimated that in all 638,988 Communions must have been distributed, 16,000 persons brought back to the faith, and 936 non-Catholics left under instruction.

\* \* \*

The attitude of Mexican Catholics towards the Revolution in that country is defined by the Rt. Rev. Jose de Jesus Manrique, Bishop of Huejutla. In his statement the Bishop calls upon Catholics of his native land to await the instructions of the National League for the Defense of Religious Liberty, and declares that Catholics generally are not participating in the revolt.

"I consider that the present revolutionary movement," said the

Bishop, "is nothing other than the manifestation of the general disgust which there is in Mexico against the existing tyranny.

"Nevertheless if the present movement does not respond with positive and definite acts, its words concerning religious and democratic liberty cannot be, nor should be, accepted by public opinion, since the Mexican people is already weary of false promises of government officials who do not comply with what they say.

"In order to inspire credence, it will be necessary, not only to authorize these religious and civic liberties as a matter of fact, but to reform radically all the laws, for the purpose of assuring the Mexican people of the full exercise of all its rights. So long as there exists no positive act which radically changes the situation, no hopes can be had.

"Nevertheless, Catholics who have faith in its chiefs, should await instructions of the National League for the Defense of Religious Liberty."

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The Sapporo (Japan) Press gives prominence to the news that Rear Admiral Yamamoto, leading Catholic of Japan, who has long been attache to the person of the Emperor of Japan as French interpreter, has resigned his post to assume the leadership of the Japanese Catholic Youth Association.

Rear Admiral Yamamoto has long been considered in Church circles as the outstanding Catholic in the Empire. Despite the fewness of his fellow church-men and the eminence of his position, he has always been fearless and outspoken in professing his faith.

Though Japanese Catholics number less than 100,000 out of a population of 83,000,000, their ranks include members of the prominent families of the nation.

\* \* \*

Leo T. Crowley, Madison (Wis.) banker, was elevated to the Papal peerage in St. Mary's Hospital, Madison, Wis., through the conferring of the Knighthood of St. Gregory the Great upon him by Msgr. Bernard T. Traudt, Milwaukee, representing Archbishop Sebastian G. Messmer, on Thursday, April 9.

The order was conferred on Mr. Crowley for his services to charity, to Catholic schools and hospitals, and particularly for his services to St. Mary's Hospital and Sacred Heart Academy.

\* \* \*

Nearly all of the 250,000 schismatics in Albania fervently desire union with the Catholic Church, and throughout the kingdom they assist at Catholic ceremonies and beg leave to confess to Catholic Missionaries there. This news was conveyed in a letter received at Woodstock College, from Rev. Paskal Giadri, S.J., missionary in Albania.

\* \* \*

William J. Donovan, of Buffalo, N. Y., assistant attorney general under President Coolidge, will come to Notre Dame University to deliver the principal address at the 85th commencement exercises of the University. Possibilities are that Alfred E. Smith will be there at the same time, to receive the Laetare Medal for 1929, which was conferred on him for his services to country and Church.

# Some Good Books

*The Revelations and Prayers of St. Bridget of Sweden.* Translated into English from the Latin by Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B., Monk of Buckfast Abbey. Published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London. 88 pages. Price, \$1.00.

St. Bridget, we are told in the prologue, did not know what lessons were to be read by the nuns of the monastery which she had founded in Sweden. While she was at prayer, Christ all at once appeared to her saying:

"I shall send to thee one of my angels who will make known to thee the lessons which must be read at Matins by the Sisters of thy monastery to the honor of the Virgin, my Mother. He will dictate; do thou therefore write them down as he shall tell thee."

Such is the origin we are told, of these "lessons." Indeed, they are so beautiful, so inspiring, so devotional, that they may well have come from an angel. They are, moreover, short and might well be used for meditation, or to supply a seed-thought which, sown in the morning, will flower in many a noble thought, devout prayer and holy action during the day.

*Hail Holy Queen.* A new Prayer Book and Sunday Missal for Women and Girls. By Rev. C. J. Callan, O.P., and Rev. J. A. McHugh, O.P. 720 pages. Published by P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York. Price, \$2.50 to \$6.00.

This seems to be an excellent prayer book from every point of view. It can be called a Missal, because it contains the Mass for Sundays and Feast Days, with very good explanatory notes. It is a prayer book, offering a very wide choice of beautiful and suggestive prayers. It is a meditation book, presenting a whole section of maxims and counsels for women and girls. Binding, paper and print, are all excellent.

*Heart Talks With Jesus.* Second Series. Compiled by Rosalie Marie Levy. Published by the author. Box 158, Sta. D, New York. Price, postpaid, \$1.10.

The well known Jewish convert,

Rosalie Marie Levy has already published a volume of such "Heart Talks." The welcome accorded the previous volume led her to bring out a second.

In selections of prose and poetry she presents thoughts, prayers and reflections, ending with devotions for Mass and Communion.

"There are times in the life of everyone," says the writer in her brief but telling preface, "when the cross seems heavy, when life does not seem worth living. In order to help souls at such times these 'Heart Talks' have been compiled." But I find them equally good on any ordinary day, bright or dull, to add a little idealism and warmth.

*Aims and Methods in Teaching Religion.* By the Rev. John K. Sharp, A.M., S.T.L. Published by Benziger Bros., New York, 1929, pp. XIV, 407, with notes, bibliography, supplements and index. Price, \$2.75.

The book is cast in four parts. Part I is devoted to a discussion of Methods—it is historical and critical; Part II is concerned with a presentation of Aims, in terms of individual and social life; Part III is a study of the Child, it is chiefly religio-psychological, and Part IV discusses the Tools of the pedagogue in their relation to religious instruction.

The book is announced as a text "for use in Seminaries, Novitiates, Normal Schools and by all who teach religion to the young." There is no question of the validity of its claim to give helpful service to all who teach religion to the young. However, the book is not a catechetical text; it is a pedagogical text for catechists. Parts II and III are specially recommended. In Part IV, many worth while suggestions for practical teaching are to be found, although some of the Chalk Talks and other illustrations may be found questionable on pedagogical grounds. Father Sharp's book is a valuable contribution to the growing science of catechetical pedagogy.—B.A.C.

## Lucid Intervals

Eliza—Ah don' hold wid dem spiritists no mo'.

Mandy—Huccum dat?

Eliza—Ah went to one of dem meetin's to find out whah is at mah earrings what disappear, an' all Ah finds out is dat mah necklace disappears.

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just come to see if yo' wouldn't join de mission band."

"Fo' de lan' sake, honey," replied the old mammy, "doan' come to me. I can't even play a mouf-organ."

Mose: "Oh, boy, Ah just found out we's got a family tree in our family. Ah's just bustin' with pride."

Sambo: "Well, all I gotta say, boy, if you have, don't tell anybody. Cause dere's only two things what lives in trees and dats birds and monkeys. And you sure ain't got no feathers on you."

Two farmers met on the road and pulled up.

"Si, I've got a mule with distemper. What'd ye give that one of yours when he had it?"

"Turpentine. Giddap."

A week later they met again.

"Say, Si, I gave my mule turpentine and it killed him."

"Killed mine, too. Giddap."

Doctor—Your husband is decidedly better, madam, but very irritable. He mustn't be crossed.

Wife (getting uneasy)—He expressed a wish to wring my neck off yesterday, sir.

Doctor—Well. Ah—humor him.

Mrs. Dubb: "I wonder what's come over Harry. Instead of being cross as usual, he started off happy and whistling like a bird this morning."

Nora (a new girl): "It's my fault, mum, I got the wrong package and gave him bird seed for breakfast food."

A member of a Parent-Teacher association charged her small son never to

go into the homes of his little friends if a card is displayed, as he might be exposed to a contagious disease.

Sending him to a neighbor's home on an errand, she was surprised when he returned, running, almost out of breath, saying: "Mother, I didn't go in that house. The folks there have hemstitching."

"Take care of yourself, dear," said the public speaker's wife, as her husband set off for an open-air meeting.

"Yes, yes, I will," he answered.

"That's right," she said, still anxious; "and remember, don't stand with your bare head, on the damp ground."

Little Billy came home from play one afternoon with his clothing pierced above and below with many holes.

"For goodness' sake, Billy," said his mother, "what on earth have you been doing?"

"We've been playing grocery store," said Billy calmly; "and every one was something in it. I was the Swiss cheese!"

A stout woman asked a little boy: "Can you tell me if I can get through this gate to the park?" He said: "I guess so. A load of hay just went through."

A hotel manager coming along the corridor saw the "boots" kneeling on the floor and cleaning a pair of boots outside a bedroom door.

"Haven't I told you that you are not to clean the boots in the corridor, but to take them down stairs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why are you doing it?"

"Because the man in this room is a Scotchman, sir, and he's hanging on to the laces."

Bill—"What is Bob so pleased about?"

Harold—"He's got an idea for an invention that will make him a millionaire."

Bill—"Well, what's the idea?"

Harold—"A cake of flying soap for shower baths."

## **Redemptorist Scholarships**

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# Books

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